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MENDELSSOHN'S SYMPHONY IN A MAJOR.*

THIS Symphony in A major, the second Symphony of the composer, was written some twenty years ago as a commission to the Philharmonic Society in London, after Mendelssohn's visit to Italy, the impressions of which it embodies, as does the Symphony in A minor, the third Symphony, written some ten years later, embody those of his visit to Scotland, made a long time prior to the composition of the work. When the Symphony in A major was first produced, the copyright of it was refused by an eminent publishing house in London, upon the plea that, from the precedent of Mendelssohn's music already published, it could not be expected to sell, and, the firm offering a smaller sum than the price which the composer had set upon his work, he broke off his connection with the house, and never published anything there afterwards. By this occurrence, the music-sellers in question were saved some expense in copyrights, a considerable outlay in engraving and printing, and the overwhelming burden of a vast stock of heavy works that would have weighed down their shelves and swelled their catalogue;—whether they have lost more than they have saved, the circulation of Mendelssohn's music in every corner of the United Kingdom, the countless performances of his works of every class, in public and in private, and in all ranks of society where their execution is practicable, and the universal appreciation of his genius—yes, I say the appreciation, for indeed, we set the right value when we set the highest upon powers that have been so nobly proved—these may suggest an answer. The purport of the present remarks is not, however, to enter into the natural history of music-selling, or to animadvert upon the contemplation of works of imagination only through a convex lens, which magnifies their present aspect, and dims the appearance of all beyond. The eminent house may already have discovered that though genius, possibly, possess one characteristic of the phoenix, namely, its singleness, it needs not by consequence, to be endowed with the other peculiarity of the fabulous bird, namely, the generation of a successor by the fire that consumes the single individual that can exist at once, from the ashes of its victim; and there may be something more than conversion from the Jewish persuasion, in common with the immortal author of *Elijah*, requisite in the constitution of a

musician whom the world will acknowledge to be a worthy successor to Mendelssohn.

Well, in consequence of this eminent publishing house refusing the copyright of the present pianoforte-duet-arrangement, and of the Philharmonic Society retaining the only copy of the score, which they had duly and honourably and nobly purchased, and of what other causes even rumour has not ventured to suggest, the second Symphony in A major remained unprinted during the author's lifetime; was never played but at the concerts of the Philharmonic Society in London, and very rarely there, where the exclusive right in it, which had, as has been shown, been purchased, was strictly maintained. There is a report, it may be true, that the Scherzo or Minuet was taken, in order to complete this work in time for a particular concert, from an early Symphony wholly unknown to the world, and that Mendelssohn, the publication being first delayed by the prudent conduct of the eminent house, after this, constantly deferred the printing of the work, with the idea that he would write a new movement to substitute for the Scherzo in question. There is another report, it may also be true, that the Philharmonic Society applied to Mendelssohn, suggesting the modification or the recomposition of the Scherzo, and that he repudiated the proposal as an intrusion, if not an insult. These reports are given only upon hearsay; they may be interesting as characteristic anecdotes, if not important as historical facts, and they serve to illustrate, the one, the impatient disposition of our author, who was most sensitive to, and most quick to resent the censure of others. The other, his habit of long and careful deliberation, which induced him to retain all, even his least important compositions, until he had considered and re-considered them, and frequently made important modifications of his first idea, before he dismissed them finally from his care, and gave them to the world through the medium of publication.

The year following the death of Mendelssohn, the Queen commanded a performance of the second Symphony, at a Philharmonic concert, when the work, then almost unknown, created an immense sensation, so great that the symphony was repeated during the same series of performances, and has been given again, with, if possible, increased success every season since.

Finally, after the publication of eighteen posthumous works, none of them of more importance, none of them of greater interest, the committee or trustees for revising Mendelssohn's

* Symphony No. 4 in A major for full orchestra, arranged for two performers on the pianoforte, composed by Mendelssohn Bartholdy, Op. 90; Posthumous Work, No. 19. Ewer and Co.

manuscripts issued the second Symphony in A major, and the whole world have since then shared with the subscribers to the Philharmonic concerts the enjoyment of its transcendent beauties. Why the committee or trustees, or the publishers, or whoever may be responsible, have thought proper to call this second Symphony by the title of "Symphony No. 4," it is impossible to conjecture; the matter is however worth mention for the sake of identifying the present work with the Symphony in A major, composed ten years before the third Symphony, and always spoken of and always longed for as the second Symphony. It is also valuable to define the correct order in which the important works of a great master have been composed, as thus only can we be enabled to trace the history of his mind in the development of his powers, the highest and by far the most interesting province of biography; the committee, &c., appear to have thought otherwise.

It is now to proceed from the history of this beautiful Symphony to the consideration of the work itself. In the scale of merit, this second Symphony, in A major, rises prodigiously above the first Symphony in C minor, which bears all the impress of the very early period of the composer's career when it was written. As known in this country, the Symphony in C minor has the Scherzo in G minor from the Ottet for string instruments (a later composition), substituted for the original Minuet and Trio, and the interest of the work is considerably heightened by the change; but even with this important interpolation, which was made for the production of the Symphony at the Philharmonic concerts on Mendelssohn's first visit to London, it can only be said to indicate those powers which are most nobly manifested in the masterly work under present consideration. The comparison of the Symphony in A major with the third Symphony in A minor, is more a matter of opinion than a matter of judgment; there are points in each that respectively find greater favour with individual hearers, but the general merits of the two must be felt by the mass to be, if not equal, certainly of a kindred character. The later work goes to posterity with the advantage of the author's final corrections, it having been published several years before his death; the second Symphony can only be supposed to have been susceptible of modification from the known habit of Mendelssohn to consider the perfecting of his music up to the very moment of its passing through the press—candid judgment is unable to suppose the possibility of its improvement, and will not admit the desirability of its slightest alteration. In this respect the Symphony in A major has a most satisfactory advantage over all the other posthumous publications of the composer, namely, that however he may have subsequently reconsidered it, he certainly at one period considered it complete; having himself made the present pianoforte arrangement with a view to its publication, when, had it passed out of the hands of the composer, it would

have been beyond his control, and thus, irsusceptible of improvement or modification.

However equal may be the merits of the two Symphonies in A major and A minor, their character is widely different as the different distribution of such general characteristics as establish the identity of the composer's style can render them. Such is the distinction that may truly be made between the bright, sunny, laughing freshness of the earlier work, and the more intense and passionate fervour that so eminently marks the later composition, and these varieties of character involve a very important difference in the plan upon which the several movements are constructed. Granted that the two Symphonies may, the one or the other, appeal more or less to the tastes or sympathies of several hearers, there can be, there is but one sound judgment upon both works in relation to the music in the same class of other masters, which is, namely, that they place their author upon the highest level as a writer of the form of composition which taxes most severely the imagination and the skill of the musician, which, in fact, calls fully into play his command of all the resources of his art. This highest level is most rarely attained, and, in ascribing to Mendelssohn such pre-eminence, due importance is given to the various excellence of other composers; it is not the flush of an early enthusiasm, it is not the dazzling effect of a first hearing of his most exciting music, but it is the reflection of many years, corroborated by the sympathy of all whose feeling in music is congenial with my own, that induces the opinion here confidently given—the author of these two Symphonies is—and he is the only composer with whose works the world is acquainted, that is a worthy compeer of Mozart, Beethoven, and Haydn, and it can be only because he has left fewer specimens of the class of music in which this glorious fraternity have so nobly exercised their powers, that it can be possible to dispute his equality of rank with them.

As to the impressions of Italy, embodied in the Symphony in A major, speculation may be more or less presumptuous; but as every sensitive hearer will speculate upon the expression conveyed in music of so exciting a character as the work under consideration, interpreting the intentions of the composer by the index of his own emotions while hearing the performance, it cannot be arrogant to offer what speculations suggest themselves, as an indication rather of how much than of what may be found of secondary interest in this highly poetical work of art by such as willingly seek it.

To speak most succinctly of general impressions rather than of particular emotions, let us suppose that the first movement realises the influence upon an ardent mind of the clear, translucent air, the genial climate, the deep, deep blue above, the endless green below, in which the golden gleam of the exhilarant sunshine is blent with the intense hue of the unfathomable heaven, the spontaneity of life around and the restless-

ness of emotion within that characterise the land formed by nature for the garden of poetry, whence the spoiled child has strayed in weariness of the too great luxuriance in which it has been indulged, to wander back, how rarely, from the distant home of its adoption, and find its powers and its perceptions quickened by its native associations.

Let us suppose that the earnest and most original Andante portrays the feelings awakened by the mighty ruins of Roman splendour, the statues, the palaces, the temples, and the colossal Colosseum, ghosts of a greatness that is gone, monuments of an immortal age, enduring witnesses in their mouldering decay of the lasting influence upon all time to come of the eternal power of mind through which at first they were, which now through them is perpetually regenerated in all who see in them and feel, who read in them and understand the sublime lesson for the sempiternal future of the never-dying past; and that the lovely episodic melody embodies the perhaps less awful but not less solemn sentiment that must be awakened in witnessing the new life springing from the old decay, the perennial flowers and verdure, ever young, mocking while they decorate the falling ruins that have seen them bloom, and seen them fade, and seen them bloom and fade again through a long, long race of centuries, typifying the eternal identity of the spirit of good and beauty, the soul of poetry, amid the temporal variations of its manifestation which, while they seem to pass away, are born anew in the new forms they suggest by the new powers they stimulate in the mind of man.

Let us suppose that the ceaselessly flowing and exquisitely melodious Scherzo or Minuet may have been conceived upon the silent shore of a sunny sea, when the luxurious light of the still noon hung like a garment of glory on the boundless bosom of the deep, whose gentle heaving was so constant and so uniform that in watching the unbroken rhythm of its motion one might cease to know it moved; and in the Trio, let us think of some vagrant sunbeam sporting in fairy dance upon the gently rippling undulation, and glancing like the sparkle of the eye you love when it looks the look that all surpasses speech, and in the language, than which but music can be more intense, it says, I love you.

The Saltarello tells its own tale. It is no stretch of the imagination to suppose the Carnival, with the vivacity that here is known but as a traveller's tale of the quick-hearted Italian, the ubiquitous life, the perpetual motion, the sunshine all through and through one's feelings, and one's thoughts and its reflection on our actions, and our influence on others; the romp, the rhapsody, the roystering revelry, the rattling riot, the rustling, rolling, ridiculous, restless, ranting roar of the rollicking holiday, when unrule and nonsense are the law and intelligence that will and direct what is utterly beyond control. The bustling, hustling, jostling of everlasting intricacies of the interminable labyrinth of the never-ending, never-beginning, universal and omniversal dance. Good spirits, indeed! Why the whole world is above proof,

and very far beyond probability; and Mother Nature is truly unmasked when her sons—yes, and her daughters, too, the most modest, and the meekest—put the mask on that hides them from the restraint and the restrictions, the formalities and the rigidities of the imposing world and its impositions, yes, and its impostures, too; and nobody is ashamed to be themselves, because everybody may be supposed to be anybody else. Fortune favour us! what think you of the place where the seemingly ceaseless motion of the dance is broken by the accent of twoes that comes tumbling in upon us like one who is so utterly intoxicated with the mere sense of animal excitement, so perfectly delirious with the exuberance of his own delight, that the only account to be made of him or his doings is, that they are wholly unaccountable? Well, it is no stretch of the imagination to suppose all this, and to be assured of its existence by the Finale of the Symphony in A major.

Such may be called the secondary interest which this truly poetical work may excite in a sensitive hearer;—of the primary interest, that which lies in the intrinsic technical beauty of the musical phrases, and of their admirable development, one can scarcely give an account because of the impossibility to define it. Let it here suffice to call attention to some of the most striking points in the several movements.

In the Allegro Vivace, who is not struck with the spontaneous freshness of the opening subject? What a remarkable and very reflective point is there (page 6 of the printed copy), when, after several responsive alternations of the choirs of wind and of string instruments, represented in the arrangement by the separate primo and secondo parts, the figure of the chief subject is given in the bass against the constantly changing harmony carried on in the continuation of the preceding passage. The lengthened dominant past sate which introduces the second subject, is so prominent in its effect from the eminence of its beauty, that one is disappointed to find it turned to so little account as it is in the sequel of the movement, even though this disappointment arise from the redundancy of ideas which spring up luxuriantly as life and thought in the sanguine climate by which we are told the composition was inspired. The second subject fulfils in its graceful phrases and transparent instrumentation, all that is requisite for this important feature of the movement. A lengthened crescendo upon the last inversion of a dominant seventh (commencing at the bottom of page 8), has an admirable effect, and gives the greatest brightness to the inverted tonic harmony upon which the full force of the orchestra is finally introduced. Next in order let us notice the digression into C sharp minor, with an augmentation of the principal subject, which has a truly magical effect, introduced as it is by a passage of long notes without harmony; and then the return to E major, with the brief recurrence to the subject in its original rhythm, which concludes the first part of the movement brilliantly and most effectively.

After some short development of the passage already cited

that leads to the second subject, the Second Part is remarkable for the introduction of an entirely new idea in D minor, of a character wholly different from, and admirably opposed to every phrase that has preceded it, and upon it the elaborations of this portion of the movement are principally founded. It is treated at first as a free fugato, which is continued for some length at the extreme pianissimo of the orchestra, and the gradual climax of a long-protracted crescendo from this brings in at the forte a fragment of the first subject, which is from hence worked together, or in close alternation with the new, episodic subject. There is a very remarkable passage of diminuendo, passing from the key of F sharp minor to D major, the repose of which most beautifully relieves the continual motion that has for long prevailed; and the passage that grows out of this, commencing with the semitonic ascent of the bass, which brings about the return to the subject in the original key of the movement, upon a second inversion of the tonic harmony, is most novel, and pre-eminently effective.

In the recapitulation of the First Part, the whole matter is greatly condensed; but one curtailment—namely, of the thirteenth and fourteenth bars of the principal subject, is somewhat remarkable as interfering with the flow of the rhythm without materially affecting the general effect. With a less careful writer than Mendelssohn, such an omission might be regarded as the consequence of accident; but, from the analogy of all his works, we have the right to suppose that every, the smallest point that appears in his scores, is the result of deliberate study, and we owe it to his genius and to his most scrupulous artistry to believe in an intention, even though we be unable to trace its purport. This recapitulation breaks off from the place at which, in the first part, occurs the digression into C sharp minor, with a recurrence to the episodic subject first introduced at the beginning of the Second Part, and thus commences a long and elaborate coda.

The Andante con moto is remarkable for the exceeding beauty of its principal melody, and the pure simplicity of the counterpoint of quavers with which it is accompanied. Next for the additional very great interest that is given to this same theme and counterpoint in the filling up of the harmony by wind instruments, the exquisite effect of which is new as it is admirable. Then comes the most lovely episodic melody in A major, in which is to be noticed a curious caprice in the rhythmical arrangement—namely, that the accent of the whole is against the measure; in explanation of this may be adduced the subsequent repetition of the same melody in the key of D major, when the barring is according to accepted rule, with the natural rhythmical division of the phrases. The introduction of some fragments of the original theme at the close of this episode, presents many points of eminent artistry, and the brief but beautiful Coda closes impressively one of the most exquisite slow movements in the whole range of orchestral music.

The next movement, *Con Moto Moderato*, may better be described as a Minuet than a Scherzo, but it scarcely fulfils the prevailing notion of this class of movement, for it is in the tempo and in the construction only, and by no means in the character, that it resembles the Minuets of the Symphonies of Mozart and Haydn. It has been said to be like the music of Mozart—in the greatness of its beauty it certainly is, but in its phraseology I can trace no similitude. Mozart has very often, and most successfully embodied the feeling which this movement conveys, but, to my appreciation, with wholly different expressions. A beautiful melody is not subject to verbal description, so this movement, which is all melody, must be dismissed to the effect of its own impressions. One point alone may be separately cited in which the art and the genius of the composer are most happily blended; this is the return to the subject in the second part of the Minuet, where the partial anticipation of the phrase produces an effect that can never fail.

The final Presto is certainly the most entirely individual portion of the work, albeit not one of the movements has a prototype in the writings of any other master. It is an imitation of the Saltarello, a national dance of the south of Italy, which differs from its twin sister the Tarantella in having a crotchet at the beginning of each bar of six-eight measure (instead of six quavers in the bar, as in the dance more familiar in this country), the marked accent of which accommodates a jumping step in the dance itself, whence it derives its name. The ceaseless continuity of the motion, and with it the excitement of this movement, is beyond praise. The plan of the whole is somewhat singular, and admits of longer discussion than our present space will admit. Suffice it to state briefly that the first part is regular, like that of a first movement; that at the close of this the subject re-commencing in the original key, after the manner of many of the last movements of Mozart and Beethoven, which very shortly diverges into the elaborations of the second part; that these are enriched, as in the first movement of the present work, by the introduction of a new episodic subject, which appears first in the key of G minor; and finally, that the composer is so carried away by the development of this idea, in conjunction with the chief subject of the movement, that he foregoes the formality of the recapitulation of the first part, and makes no recurrence to the many admirable points which, in the key of E minor, constitute the second subject, but instead, prolongs the working of the second part into a most exciting and highly wrought Coda.

Allusion has already been made to the prodigious effect produced by the breaking off from the long-continued accent of the Saltarello with the fortissimo passage of even quavers in twos instead of threes (page 54). There is next to notice the quaint pertness of the opening phrase of the second subject (page 57), and the streaming beauty of the sustained

notes that descend by semi-tones against the continued motion of the theme they accompany.

The brightness of the transient digression into C, heightened as it is by the brilliant tone of the horns and trumpets, cannot escape notice; and the immediate return to E minor, is no less a point for admiration. The whole of this passage is well worthy to be repeated, but Mendelssohn, whose invention seems unlimited, is not satisfied to give it again without imparting to it a new interest, by adding to the instrumentation, and slightly modifying the harmony; and then he prolongs it with a skill peculiar to himself, and an effect equal to the means. The breaking away from the subject, in the key of A minor, by the semitonic descent of the bass, which is assigned to the violins against the wind instruments, which have the theme (page 60), is a comparatively unimportant point, but of striking prominence. The mazy winding character of the episode, here introduced in G minor, is eminently picturesque. A merely mechanical contrivance, namely, the repetition of the four-bar phrase of the second violins, in response from the opposite side of the orchestra by the first violins, gives wonderful life to the general effect. Perhaps the most striking point of the whole movement is the abrupt and decidedly irregular introduction of a chord of C, in the second repetition of a phrase that has twice before closed on the chord of E major (page 66); the harmonic propriety of this progression is open to considerable discussion; but, the jesuitical principle, if anywhere, is decidedly applicable here, for such an effect surely justifies any means that are employed to attain it. We have then a very lengthened crescendo upon a protracted dominant pedal, the climax of which leads to a chromatic seventh upon an A bass (page 68), which is brilliant as a shower of fireworks, and exciting as an unexpected joy. From hence to the end one's admiration is more and more stimulated, and we cannot rise from an adequate performance of the whole, but in a rapture of enthusiasm.

Such is an indication of my admiration for a truly great work, justice to the sterling merits of which it is for the sympathy of all time, not the homage of an individual to render. I am certain, that the appreciation of the Symphony in A major, will become more and more general, and that the high esteem in which its illustrious composer is at present held, is but the foreshadowing of a greater glory that will still invest his name.

G. A. MACFARREN.

THE SCOTTISH BAGPIPE AND ITS MUSIC.

(From the Edinburgh Advertiser.)

A COMMUNICATION, headed as above, and subscribed "Musico," has been forwarded to us, but which is too lengthy, besides being otherwise unsuitable, to admit of full insertion. "Musico" seems in great wrath at the *Inverness Courier's* London correspondent, for what he calls his "ignorant defence" of the Scottish bagpipe and its music, when assailed by a Metropolitan Police Magistrate; proclaimed as being 'horrid' to the ears of Englishmen and to Welsh-

men, French and Germans." We give the quotation which has called forth the communication, with the gist of "Musico's" remarks thereon:—

"Now, has not this gentleman heard that his Sovereign the Queen, herself a highly accomplished musician, has a Highland piper as a regular member of her establishment, and that his strains are every day heard, 'horrid though they be,' in the halls of her palaces where 'his Honour's' voice is not heard? 'Horrid to Welsh ears!' It may be so, though I never heard it, albeit I have been in the country. 'French ears!' Has he ever read Chateaubriand, and many other French writers, expressing themselves to the contrary? 'German ears!' Here comes the climax of the absurdity. Does 'his Honour' not know that two of the greatest modern musicians and composers are, or were, the most enthusiastic admirers of Scotch pipe music? I allude to Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer—the latter of whom, accidentally attending in Edinburgh at a competition of Highland bagpipes, came away almost frantic with delight; set himself immediately to the ardent study of this 'horrid noise'—spent the next six or seven successive summers among the Hebridean islands in quest of now and varied Celtic melodies—and has introduced into his most elaborate and exquisitely musical composition a comprehensive synthesis of the strange and fascinating beauties of Highland music."

In answer to all this, "Musico" says—"I admit that her Majesty has of late years added to her list of officials a 'piper,' but that his strains are every day heard in the halls of her palaces is too strong an assertion to be received without explanation. Her Majesty may occasionally indulge in the warlike strain when mellowed by distance, and that with a kindly feeling of compliment towards 'puir auld Scotland,' called forth by the recollection of the loyal warmth of her reception when first she visited it; but that she should love to listen to the tones of so coarse and primitive an instrument, may be regarded as a libel on the refined taste of one whom the *Inverness Courier's* correspondent admits to be 'a highly accomplished musician.' What do Chateaubriand and many other French writers say in favour of Scottish pipe music, and who are the authors referred to? Is Chateaubriand or any of the others to be held as good authorities in musical matters? And what say Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer of the instrument itself or the music written for it? When the *Inverness Courier's* correspondent satisfies these queries, and so strengthens his position, he may proceed to argue as to the sweetness and the 'fascinating beauties' of the music discoursed by the Scottish bagpipe."

"Musico" is rather ungracious in his handling of the subject, and, besides, leaves it unexhausted. The London correspondent is a Celt, if we mistake not, at least he is Celtic in his feeling, which will be admitted by all those who read his communications. Now some little allowance ought to be made for early impressions. Nothing stimulates fancy and encourages the association of ideas so much as music, be it good, bad, or indifferent. The sounds that greeted our ears in early life are treasured up in the innermost depths of our hearts, and when again heard—

"Fond memory brings the light
Of other days around us."

We therefore can enter into and appreciate the feelings that prompted a defence of the Scottish bagpipe and its music, although we do not subscribe to one syllable of the London correspondent's conclusions. "*Chacun à son goût*," and the *Inverness Courier's* London correspondent to his bagpipe if he likes; but if correct taste is to be encouraged and upheld, let not the instrument be regarded as else than the relic of a barbarous age, interesting in its history and uses to the antiquarian, but most repulsive in its tones to the ears of the musician. We know a little of the instrument, and of its music, too, therefore we speak neither ignorantly nor rashly in saying it is most primitive in construction, harsh and boisterous in tone, limited and otherways defective in its scale, and withal execrably discordant in its harmony, if the monotonous bass of the drone can be dignified by such a term. Any one of these imperfections in an orchestral instrument would be enough to silence its tones in that locality at once and for ever. The correspondent avers that the Queen, 'a highly accomplished musician,' has her piper, whose strains are daily heard in the halls of her palaces. Dr. Burney, in his *History of Music*, re-

lates, on visiting the Earl Marischal, a Scottish nobleman, at that time resident in Prussia, who of all music preferred that of "his own country bagpipes."—He ordered his piper to play to his guest from a garden. Sir John Graham Dalzell, in his Musical Memoirs, on noticing this and other instances of the like, remarks—"Nothing is more painful to the true musician than performance on the great Highland bagpipe within any place of limited dimensions." As to pipe music, what can be said in its favour? Campbell, in his "Letters from the South," relates that having met in Algiers Chevalier Neukomm (a musical authority of weight), they conversed of the music of the country, with which the latter expressed his satisfaction at its being natural and characteristic. Campbell remarked—"You surprise me, Chevalier; then I suppose you can admire even our Highland bagpipe?" The answer is significant. "Nay, I don't despise your *Pibrochs*; they have in them the stirrings of rude but strong nature. When you traverse a Highland glen you must not expect the breath of roses, but must be contented with the smell of heath." The legitimate music of the bagpipe is the *Pibroch*. Under this general head are to be found various movements, each differing from the other in character and in time. Amongst the best specimens of this style of composition are "Fàilte a Phrionsai," the "Ghlas Mheur," and "MacGregor a Ruara;" the last air being rather pleasing. Yet, as played on the pipe, we question what educated ear, be it English, Welsh, French, or German, and we will venture to add Lowland Scotch, could feel satisfied with any of the above specimens of composition, enveloped as they are in a haze of endless shakes and trills. In advancing the names of Mendelssohn and Meyerbeer as "the most enthusiastic admirers of Scotch pipe music," the London correspondent goes too far ahead (to use a vulgar Americanism), and consequently gets entirely out of his depth on the subject of musical biography and composition. So far as we know or can learn, Meyerbeer has never yet visited Scotland, although it is asserted that he spent six or seven successive summers in the Hebrides, and "introduced into his most elaborate and exquisite musical composition a comprehensive synthesis of the strange and fascinating beauties (!) of Highland music." Confessing our ignorance, we must inquire of the London correspondent as to this composition, and the class to which it belongs. Is it *Il Crociato*, *The Camp of Silesia*, *Robert le Diable*, *The Huguenots*, or *Le Prophète*? Meyerbeer's greatest efforts of genius are confined to these works, yet in none of them do we find one passage partaking of the character of Highland pipe music. In the introduction to the opening chorus of the last-mentioned opera will be found a passage in imitation of the bagpipe, but the scene being laid at Dodrecht on the River Meuse, the instrument thus introduced is the Dutch bagpipe, which differs considerably from its Celtic brother. In Rossini's *Donna del Lago*, the London correspondent might have found something better calculated to support his argument. There the composer attempts to impart a Scottish character to certain orchestral passages, rather with a view to novelty and as being in keeping with the plot of the opera, than that he felt enamoured with the "fascinating beauties" of pipe music.

Ere dismissing a subject which has already engrossed too much of our space, we would bestow a commendatory word on the metropolitan functionary who had the firmness and good sense to denounce a nuisance that has already existed too long. Those who may imagine that "his Honour," as the London correspondent rather tauntingly styles him, has acted harshly without precedent, may change their opinion when informed that playing on the Highland bagpipe formed a charge of misdemeanour against a piper in Perth, so far back as 1623, a record of which will be found in the Kirk-session register of that town, under the date 30th October of that year.

FOREIGN RESUME.

PARIS.—The entertainments last week at the Grand Opera consisted of *La Favorite*, *Le Juif Errant*, *Le Prophète*, and the ballet of *La Peri*. Meyerbeer was present at the last two representations. The celebrated composer has

been stopping some time in Boulogne, for the sake of the sea-bathing there. He intends to return shortly to Berlin.

The opera of *Moïse* is in active rehearsal.

The new ballet, for which Adolphe Adam is writing the music, and in which Fanny Cerito will make her re-appearance, is entitled *Orpha*. Report says that the *mise-en-scène* will be most magnificent, and eclipse that of the most celebrated spectacles yet produced.

Mademoiselle Priora will sustain the principal part in the first new ballet produced at the Grand Opera after *Orpha*.

At the Opéra Comique *Le Père Gaillard* still holds its position as the first piece.

Madame Ugaïde will make her re-appearance very shortly.

Mademoiselle Caroline Duprez will sustain the principal part in a new opera by Messrs. Scribe and Auber.

The Italian Opera will open on the 1st November, with a new work by Frederick Ricci.

At the Théâtre Lyrique *Si j'étais Roi* is still playing with undiminished attraction.

Last Saturday a new opera, in one act, by Mons. Gauthier, the author of *Murdoch*, was produced at the above theatre for the first time.

The barytone, Barroilhet, has just concluded a conditional engagement with the director of the Theatre de la Pergola, at Florence, for the Carnival. He was unable to sign a definite engagement, on account of the promises he made other managers on his arrival in Italy.

Emile Prudent is now in Paris. He intends stopping there during the winter.

Ernst is still in Geneva.

Mademoiselle Clauss, the young and talented pianist, will leave Paris next December for Saint Petersburg.

We learn, from the Berlin papers, that, before quitting the Prussian capital, Roger made some handsome presents to all the artistes who sang at his benefit. He presented a very valuable vase to Madame Herrenburg, a magnificent brilliant ring to Mademoiselle Triesch, and a very handsome ring to Herr Bost.

Madame de la Grange will make her first appearance in Vienna as Rosina, in *Il Barbiere*.

On the 9th of last month, Adolphe Adam's *Giralda* was produced in the Austrian capital with the greatest success.

During the late stay of the King of Sweden in Hamburg, *Le Prophète* was given at the Stadt Theater. The house was magnificently decorated and illuminated for the occasion. After the conclusion of the entertainments, a serenade was given to the King, under the windows of his hotel.

Madame Batka, who was formerly a very celebrated singer, has just died in Prague, aged eighty-eight. Among her numerous admirers was Schiller, who first heard her at the Leipzie Theatre.

THE "DUKE" AS A MUSICAL AMATEUR.

THE Duke was born of a musical family. His grandfather was an excellent performer on the violin, whose playing excited in the mind of his son (the Earl of Mornington) his early predilections for art. It is Daines Barrington who relates the anecdote of the famed Dubourg's visit to the family seat, when the father of the "Duke," with an acute ear to distinguish between the amateur and the artist, would take the violin from the hands of the paternal connoisseur and insist on the playing of the professor. The Duke's father, as a youth, mastered Corelli's sonatas, at that period considered the climax of violin playing, although in this age the same

passages are executed, even on the contra-basso. Totally ignorant, whilst a youth, of the canons of composition, the Earl of Mornington wrote, after his own fashion, pieces that he styled serenatas. His father, having ordered an organ to be built in the chapel, laughingly told him he might be the organist, if he could qualify himself. The son was not dismayed at the sneer, but immediately began to study, and, in a short time, astonished his father by a masterly display on the instrument. It will be recollected by accomplished amateurs, that the University of Dublin conferred on the Earl of Mornington the degree of Doctor and Professor of Music; and there is not a glee-singer in the country who is not familiar with the Earl of Mornington's name, by the "Here in cool grot" for four voices. A volume of the noble Earl's glees was edited by Sir Henry R. Bishop. The Duke, like his father, had a great love for music, and resembled him in the strong liking for massive harmony, as developed in the works of Handel. The career of his Grace probably prevented him from being, like his ancestors in the two degrees, a practical amateur; but he was consistently a supporter both of opera and oratorio. There is a wealthy commoner living who could give to the world some curious anecdotes respecting the first appearance of Arthur Wellesley behind the scenes of the King's Theatre (Italian Opera). The young soldier never lost an occasion in his Continental campaigns, of sending a *prima donna* of note or a *danseuse* of distinction to this country; and in troubled times, when travelling was not quite so facile as at present, *cantatrices* found their way here with an *aide-de-camp's* despatches, or with a diplomatist's luggage, on the Duke's interest and kind recommendation. Strange, that amidst the din of war, the warrior should have been looking forward to the operatic delights of London! Since the peace, there has been no more constant patron and visitor at the Italian Opera-house than the "Duke." Where is the fashionable house list without his Grace's name, and what frequenter can recollect an opera night throughout the season, without the remembrance of the Duke's presence in his well-known pit box. He survived many dynasties, he outlived myriads of Ministers, and he also was a spectator of the rise and fall of innumerable opera speculators, with their "stars" of the day. The Duke was as regular in his opera attendance, as he was in his Parliamentary duties. The "House," whether legislative or operatic, would, in fact, have been a barren waste without the presence of the "Duke." He was one of the Presidents of the Royal Festival at Westminster Abbey in 1834; and for some years was one of the Royal and Noble Directors of the Concerts of Ancient Music, which were established in 1776. The conductors of the performances were, Mr. Bates, until his death, in 1799; Mr. Grotto, up to 1831; and Mr. Knyvett, down to 1839. In 1840, the directors came to the resolution of each choosing his own conductor; and Sir George Smart, Sir Henry Bishop, Mr. Lucas, and Mr. Turle officiated in turn. This system worked ill, and Sir Henry Bishop was nominated in 1843, until the dissolution of the Ancient Concerts, in 1848. The last directors were the King of Hanover, Prince Albert, the Duke of Cambridge, the Archbishop of York, the Duke of Wellington, the Earl of Westmorland, the Earl Howe, and the Earl of Cawdor. As the Sacred Harmonic Society advanced in reputation, the subscribers to the Ancient Concerts gradually fell off, to the great regret of Prince Albert, the Duke of Wellington, and the Earl of Westmoreland, who took great pains to preserve the ancient institution. In the selection of the programme for his particular concert, the

"Duke" was opposed to innovation. He liked the received works of great choral masters, particularly of Handel. The director did not conduct, *baton* in hand, as some of our provincial amateurs might suppose; but he had the choice of the engagements of the principal singers and of the music for the evening. Avison's trio and chorus, "Sound the loud timbrel," with its "Praise to the Conqueror," whose "word was our arrow, and whose breath was our sword," generally found its way to the Duke's programme—probably a delicate compliment from the conductor, rather than his own naming. As at the opera, his Grace never missed one of the series of eight concerts; but, as advanced age stole on him, the music seemed to cause a somniferous influence on him, and the Duke's nap at an Ancient Concert became a bye-word, significant of its soothing or dreamy consequences.

For many years, both at his town and country residences, the Duke of Wellington gave musical *soirées* at which the most distinguished *artistes*, native and foreign, were engaged. His niece, the Countess of Westmorland, besides being an excellent painter, is an accomplished amateur. The Marchioness of Douro, now Duchess of Wellington, is equally fond of music, and the present Duke is one of the most constant opera *habitués*. The Duke took especial interest in the compositions and musical parties of the Earl of Westmorland—a composer in every school, sacred and secular, who has given to the world works of no ordinary talent, vocal and instrumental. At the performances of the noble Earl's opera, "Catherine," at Her Majesty's Theatre, and of "Il Torneo," at the St. James's Theatre, the Duke of Wellington took an active part in displaying his interest for the amateur composer's success; and it may be recollected by those who were present at "Il Torneo," that his Grace was one of the most animated in his calls for the Earl, then Lord Burghersh, to appear on the stage at the conclusion of the opera, in obedience to the general call of the house. The Duke was much interested in the success of the Royal Academy of Music, founded by Lord Burghersh. His Grace and the Duchess gave to the institution, in donations and subscriptions, upwards of £200. Let it be added to the memory of the great warrior and statesman, that his purse was always open to the distressed musician, and that there are innumerable *artistes* living who can relate anecdotes of his kind consideration.—(Illustrated News.)

LOUIS XIV.—A MUSICIAN.

It is a generally known fact that, in his youth, Louis XIV. often figured in the ballets presented at his court. But there is another fact of which most people are ignorant, and that is, that he was passionately fond of making rhymes and light kinds of songs. He used to spend a great portion of his leisure hours in composing, after the model of the songs entitled *poésies nouvelles*, a mass of poetry and music; and Heaven knows that it was not of the very highest merit.

None of these trifles have reached us. Contemporary memoirs sometimes mention them; but they take especial care not to quote even the smallest fragment,—out of respect, no doubt, to the "Grand Monarque." However this may be, during the first years of his reign Louis XIV. was in the habit of writing songs on every possible subject: he was a perfect monomaniac in this respect. He was induced to renounce his poetical and musical pretensions in rather an odd manner.

One day as that austere courtier, the Duke de Montausier, for whom Boileau wrote so magnificent an apology, was on the point of leaving his Majesty's study, after a serious and interesting conversation, the king stopped him.

"I know," said Louis, "that besides a vast fund of sterling sense, your Grace possesses a great deal of wit and taste.

Whether the point under discussion is one of the most serious importance, or of the lightest possible nature, you always show the keenest appreciation and the most correct judgment. I have here got a new song, and I should like to know what you think of it."

"Your Majesty does me great honour," replied the Duke; "but I think it would be better if you were to consult Monsieur Quinault, or Monsieur de Benerade."

"Not at all, Duke. I am particularly anxious to hear your opinion, and I desire that you express it without the least reserve."

"Sire, I am all attention."

Hereupon the king commenced singing, to a popular air, one of the most wretched songs ever written in the French language. After he had concluded, he turned to the duke, and said:—

"Well, Sir, what do you think of it?"

"I think that your Majesty is exceedingly kind to take any notice of a rhapsody like that, written by some miserable rhymster—"

"You think that it is bad, then?" said the King, blushing up to the eyes, and then turning very pale.

"Sire, it is detestable."

"Suppose I told your Grace," continued the King, endeavouring to conceal his feelings, "suppose I told you that the author of the work for which you express such contempt, was the King of France?"

"In that case, I should say to the King of France that he ordered me to speak without reserve, and that I obeyed him."

Louis XIV. reflected for a moment or two, and then stretching out his hand to the Duke, said:

"You are right, Sir, and I am glad I consulted you. My song is a very stupid one; never mind, I will not write any more."

The King kept his word.

TRAGEDY IN PARIS,

A melancholy and shocking occurrence took place at Paris on Sunday last, an account of which is given by the *Journal des Debats*, as follows:—

Yesterday evening, about nine o'clock, the quarter of the Madeline was thrown into the greatest excitement by the commission of a crime which has caused the deepest impression. Mr. Bower, a gentleman about thirty-eight years of age, a native of Great Britain, and correspondent in Paris of the *Morning Advertiser*, lived with his wife and children in the Rue de Seze, No. 2. Some months ago, one of his countrymen, Mr. Morton, aged about thirty-five years, correspondent of the *Daily News*, and who lived in the neighbourhood, Boulevard des Capuchins, No. 22, was on intimate terms with him, and made frequent visits to his house. Subsequently, his assiduities having created certain suspicions in the mind of Mr. Bower, that gentleman interdicted him from his house for the future. It appeared, however, that a reconciliation took place, and that Mr. Morton continued his visits. Unhappily, a circumstance arose, that re-awakened the suspicions of Mr. Bower. His wife, already the mother of four children, about a month ago gave birth to a fifth, and the sufferings consequent on her accouchement were such that she has since frequently given indications of an alienation of mind.

Yesterday evening, during an access of madness, she told her husband that she wished never to see him again, that he was the devil, that she loved him not, and that she had never loved him; and she added that the child which had lately been born was Mr. Morton's, and not his. That wild declaration had a powerful effect on the mind of Mr. Bower; nevertheless, he restrained himself, and about eight o'clock sat down at table to supper. Hardly had he commenced his repast, when Mr. Morton entered. At sight of him Bower grew furious, and desired him to quit the house instantly; and as Mr. Morton did not seem inclined to depart at once, Mr. Bower jumped up from the table, holding a knife in his hand, and pushed him down the stairs as far as the lower storey; after having exchanged some words, he dealt him from above a violent blow of the knife on the left side of the head, near the ear, the effect of which was that the unfortunate man fell on the ground motionless, bathed in blood. His death was instantaneous. The

knife, which is a table one, has been found; the blade was bent in the middle by the violence of the stroke.

The search has been continued last night and to-day (Sunday), but up to the present the retreat of Mr. Bower has not been discovered. His cook having declared that she had assisted him in escaping, and having refused to give any indication of his retreat, she has been placed under temporary arrest.

To the above account we may add the following particulars, furnished by the correspondent of the *Globe*:—"Mr. Bower was a man of extraordinary talent, and was highly esteemed by all the English residents to whom he was known, for his disposition was amiable, and in private life he gave no indications of the irritability which some persons have complained of in his published letters on French affairs. Mr. Bower was formerly on friendly terms at the Elysée, and some surprise has been manifested that he should have become so suddenly and so violently an enemy of the President of the Republic; but I have heard more than one person at the Elysée declare that the hostility of Mr. Bower was the effect of mistaken views, and not of any systematic opposition to Louis Napoleon, of whom, it appears, that he was at one time a very warm partisan. Be this as it may, the energy with which Mr. Bower continued to express his opinions was a great proof of moral courage, and commanded the esteem even of the Minister of Police. It is well known, however, that but for the positive order to the contrary, given by Louis Napoleon himself, the menaces of the police to Mr. Bower would not have been confined to words. There was a report this afternoon that Mr. Bower had been arrested, but it does not appear to be well founded. Several hours elapsed after the sad scene in the Rue de Seze before the telegraph was set to work, and his escape was possible by one of the railroads, but he has probably secreted himself somewhere in France with the intention of awaiting his trial. In the seducer of his wife, there is a verdict of acquittal, even when a certain degree of deliberation had been manifested. In the present case, indeed, the husband has not on his side the legal proof of seduction by his victim, which generally insures acquittal; but, on the other hand, there was no deliberation in the murder, and acquittal, or a very slight punishment, may reasonably be expected."

Mr. Saville Morton, says the *Daily News*, was a gentleman of good family; a graduate of Cambridge; and a talented and zealous man of letters. He was attached to the staff of the *Daily News* from the day of its commencement; his first duty being that of correspondent at Constantinople, from which place he travelled in succession to Athens, Madrid, Vienna, Berlin, and Paris. In these different cities he passed the last six years of his life, and the readers of this journal are indebted to his fluent pen for many a pleasant description of scenes and events of interest, and for many a valuable disquisition on passing political events. He was an ardent liberal, and wrote boldly and constantly in support of political progress; he had a keen appreciation of that which was generous and true; fine literary taste; and a lofty idea of his profession as a journalist. During the revolutionary period of 1848—as after the *coup d'état* of December 2nd—he never allowed any considerations of personal risk to interfere with the performance of what he considered to be his duty towards the journal to which he was attached; and when a few months ago the Minister of Police in Paris threatened and attempted to silence the representatives of the English press in that city, Mr. Morton was honourably conspicuous for the calm and dignified, the firm and proper tone, he assumed in his communications with Louis Napoleon's agent, and subsequently with the British ambassador, Lord Cowley. As a correspondent, he was indefatigable in the performance of his duties—and his most untimely death is at once a grief and a loss to those with whom he was honourably associated. He was fortunate enough to number amongst his friends many distinguished men—most of whom will forget any faults he might have had in their recollection of his warmheartedness, his talent, and his melancholy and painful end.

M. BILLET has returned from Paris.

MR. MAURICE LEVY, the well-known pianist and conductor, has just returned to London from Berlin.

ITALIAN OPERA IN DUBLIN.

(From the Freeman's Journal, Oct. 6th.)

I Puritani seems destined to be a permanent favourite here, and last night attracted a full house, and was received with enthusiasm throughout.

The martial movement of the first chorus was sung behind the scenes by the four principal performers, and would have been encored, but that its repetition would have been out of place. Grisi, as Elvira, then made her *entrée* in the duet with Georgio. Whether it be that her health is necessarily at present variable, or that the genius of this music is better suited to her taste, that both she and Mario sang and acted with greater spirit and *anima*; and, though it might be saying too much to assert that they never exerted themselves more successfully, we have certainly, in their best days, but rarely heard them as good, and, at least, they left nothing more to be reasonably desired. The "Ah te o cara" was given by Mario with a delicious freshness of tone, and a perfect command of its rather trying notes. Its beautiful melody always insures it an encore, even if tolerably sung, and this time the encore was most enthusiastic. In the scene where he is about to fly with the captive queen, to effect her escape at the risk of losing his love, the outburst of touching movement that expresses his regret—"Non parlar"—produced a powerful effect, and led into Grisi's polacca in a manner strikingly original. The "Son vergin vezzosa" is full of that graceful delicacy that removes it from all vulgarity, while its catching air never fails to charm the ear. Grisi gave it with the archness the situation requires, and that rich and musical truthfulness of tone that distinguishes her voice from all others. This was never better shown than in the scene where her reason is overpowered by the shock of Arturo's fancied infidelity, and in her madness she still calls on him "Oh! vieni al tempio."

The second act opens with the description of her madness in a chorus and bass song, not so well given by Susini as the remainder of his part. He, however, sang the duet in the first act well, and had a success in the familiar "Suoni la Tromba," in the second, which was redemanded. In this act Grisi sings one of her most beautiful songs, "O rendetimi," and gave it as when she won her high name in this very opera. Time left no traces of his ravages last night; the second movement, somewhat curtailed, was so warmly received that she sang it again.

The weight of the third falls principally on the tenor; every note is beautiful and appropriate, and was beautifully sung. The recitative, "Son Salvo," and the Song of the Troubadour, were perfect, and the latter was, very properly, redemanded. This is followed by the duet with Elvira, "Ah mio Arturo," in which both artistes seemed to sing with an amicable rivalry. Perhaps the climax of pathos is attained in the final air, "Credea si misera," into which Mario threw all the fervour of his touching voice, and evidenced a much greater command of it than on the last occasion. The *fu in all* he took well in falsetto, which was originally meant for Rubini, and which few since have been able to achieve.

Reviews of Music.

"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN"—No. 1, Eva; No. 2, The Slave Mother No. 3, Evangeline—Three Ballads—Words and Music by GEO. LINLEY. T. Chappell.

Every year in England brings forth its mania. The mania of the present year may be denominated the "Uncle Tom's Cabin Mania." No work of such slender recommendations as that of Mrs. H. B. Stowe ever before attained such universal popularity. The number of editions to which it has reached in London alone is not to be estimated. The thousands of copies sold is beyond even Algebraic calculation. Dickens for a while is quite thrown into the shade, and the novelists of all Yankeedom absolutely extinguished by "Uncle Tom's Cabin." "Uncle Tom's Cabin" hangs on every lip; "Uncle Tom's Cabin" flares on every wall; "Uncle Tom's Cabin," gives name to all sorts of articles, vendible, edible, potable and portable; to dramas at theatres; to polkas, mazurkas, quadrilles, waltzes, and ballads.

It was not to be supposed that Mr. George Linley—who is one of the acknowledged curators and picklers of passing events, musically writing—would have allowed so glorious golden an opportunity to have escaped him. Accordingly, Mr. George Linley has been one of the foremost picklers in the field of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and has come out vigorously and effectively with the three ballads under notice.

Mr. George Linley should have entitled his three ballads—"Uncle Tom's Cabin Ballads," or "Ballads from Uncle Tom's Cabin." Simply calling his ballads "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is simply not calling them anything, or simply giving them the name of the novel, which is simply a misnomer, or more simply a mistake.

The three ballads of Mr. George Linley have undeniably the Linlean flavour. Without the slightest pretence to originality or musical knowledge, they are by no means devoid of feeling and point, and have to a certainty a certain lackadaisical melodiousness which is certain to attract the notice of budding sopranos and sentimental young tenors. Mr. George Linley evidently writes his very best, and evidently puts his heart to the task—no small merit, by the way, and one of the most direct roads to success.

On the other hand, we know not exactly what to say to Mr. George Linley's poetry. In the ballads before us his task was light and easy. He had merely to versify the words of Mrs. H. B. Stowe. But he has not been felicitous, and in one or two instances the meaning of his words escapes us entirely. For instance, in "Evangeline" we find the following couplet:

"Oh! well may each heart in her strains rejoice
As round her fairy-like form they throng."

If Mr. Linley mean "well may each person rejoice who is near her," he has committed a grammatical error. "Each" is singular and requires a singular verb. "They" cannot constitute the relative to "each." Perhaps Mr. Linley, in his recollection of his syntax, confused the rule, "neuters plural take a verb singular," and reversed its prescriptions. Mr. George Linley should be more tender of his grammar. He is too frequently oblivious of his namesake Murray.

So much for the ballads of "Uncle Tom's Cabin"—as they should be called—which no doubt will meet, as they deserve, their due meed of popular appreciation.

"£100 REWARD! Lost, between the British Museum and Mons. Jullien's Musical Depot, the MS. of a Polka, similar to the following. Which has been transcribed from memory by an eminent composer, who happened to hear a performance from the MS. Whoever has found the same, and will bring it to G. Dix and Co., Music Publishers, will receive the reward, and a copy of this polka, on payment of Two and Sixpence." G. Dix and Co.

Were there no merit at all in the "£100 Reward Polka," which there is—it being sprightly, rythmical, and *ben marca-to*—we should strongly recommend it as a puzzle of price, for we candidly confess we have not found the least glimpse of meaning attached to its longitudinal title after careful and laborious examination. Mr. Dix should offer £100 reward to any who could solve the riddle in the frontispiece

"HURRY-SCURRY POLKA; OR, PANIC POLKA"—By CARLO MINASI. William Prowse.

Rattling, dashing, and perpetual—these are the characteristics of the above dance, which is one of Carlo Minasi's happiest. Eke we can recommend the "Hurry-scurry Polka" as a nice bit of easy practice for tiny fingers—out of practice hours.

Original Correspondence.

DR. WESLEY AND THE "TIMES."

(To the Editor of the Musical World.)

SIR,—I observe in the *Birmingham Gazette*, of Monday, a long epistle om Dr. Wesley, in which he introduces a *Testimonial*

received nine years ago from Spohr, and labours hard to prove thereby, that *The Times* critic is a nonentity.

Some fifteen years since, a certain itinerant Pole called upon me one fine morning, to solicit my support to his concert, producing at the same time a pouch filled with scores, aye hundreds, of *Testimonials* from Organists and Professors of Music, of every grade, down from a Chapel Royal Organist to a cat-gut scraper at a provincial theatre; besides noblemen, county and borough magistrates, mayors, aldermen, and civilians.

I must confess my *then* knowledge of the world, did not for a moment lead me to doubt that the individual, who stood before me with his long black curly hair, surtout trimmed with fur, and his gloves chained to his side, was as remarkable for his musical talent as his personal appearance.

Judge then my chagrin in attending his concert, at which I saw the mayor, and almost every person of influence in the town, to find that the whole performance consisted of "wonderful imitations of the bassoon, trombone, trumpet, &c., &c." of the most contemptible description, and that the *entrepreneur* had as much claim to the title of a musician, as a house painter has to that of an artist. My opinion of his merit was not a solitary one, for in less than half an hour from the commencement of the concert, most of the parties who had been *duped by the testimonials* had retired in disgust.

So much for Testimonials!

I recollect a few years ago being in company with a very eminent organist and composer, whose talent even Dr. Wesley would scarcely call into question, and on the conversation turning on Dr. Wesley's compositions for the church, he remarked, "Wesley is forgetting his good bringing up, and trying to imitate Spohr."

The truth of this observation must be apparent to anyone who is familiar with the doctor's music; and my own opinion of his Anthem is this, *the little melody it possesses is constantly marred by his far-fetched harmonies, his extraneous modulations and attempts at the sublime.*

"Points with points, periods with periods jar
And the whole work seems one continued war."

The Anthem was condemned not only by the *Times*, but the *Athenæum*, *Illustrated News*, and several other London Journals.

In spite of the hodomontade of Dr. Wesley's eulogistic advocate and former pupil (Mr. Spark), or of the doctor's own egotism, I have no doubt the "Thunderer," will maintain its own opinion, and as for the *Musical World*, I do not think any members of the musical profession from "John o'Groat's house," to the "land's end," will be induced by the doctor's rallery to withhold their support from a work which has so long been their able advocate and champion.

I am, Sir,
Yours very obediently,
A SIXTEEN YEARS' SUBSCRIBER.

(To the Editor of the *Musical World*.)

SIR,—In my letter of last week, respecting Dr. Wesley's Anthem, there are a few inaccuracies. Will you have the kindness to insert the corrections in your next number?

For expressive, read inexpressive; for 6-4 followed by C, read 6-4 followed by 6; for invest a double counterpoint, read *invent* a double counterpoint.

I remain, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
A SUBSCRIBER.

DR. WESLEY'S ANTHEM.
(To the Editor of the *Musical World*.)

SIR, I must beg the insertion of a rejoinder on the above subject although the letter of a "Subscriber" might well pass unnoticed, from its evident intention to disparage Dr. Wesley, and not as the writer asserts, "to ascertain if the work really deserves the high praise awarded," &c.

As to my being "the Champion of Dr. Wesley," I have no

doubt that a majority of the musical men present at the Wednesday's performance of the Birmingham Festival, would cheerfully fill that post; indeed, I have been informed that several persons have already written in the newspapers, expressing their concurrence with the views on the subject, which I ventured to lay before your readers on Saturday week. "A Subscriber" thinks such works as the fragment of *Christus* and the scene from *Lorely*, should have been a more powerful inducement to me to attend the Festival, than the introduction of Dr. Wesley's Motet, but I trust I shall not be considered heretical if I say that I thought differently. From the great effect the Anthem has invariably produced in its former state, and the surprising accompaniment for the organ being suggestive of the finest orchestral effects, I was most curious to witness the performance of so magnificent a Band and Chorus as that assembled at Birmingham. The result justified my curiosity and my "pilgrimage," in proof of which I may mention that a member of the orchestra, at Birmingham, himself one of the most able performers of the day on the organ, and who is thoroughly acquainted with the Anthem, remarked, that from the manner in which Dr. Wesley had arranged it for the orchestra, no one could have supposed it had not originally been conceived and written with a view to that end.

"A Subscriber" feels himself at a loss to know what I mean by asserting that Dr. Wesley had departed from "the dry conventional course invariably adopted, and had marked out a path of his own, displaying in every part of the work the utmost originality of form and execution." I still am of opinion, that no one who possesses a copy of this Anthem, can, after an unprejudiced examination of it, arrive at any other conclusion. It displays a larger and more "elevated" expression of the text, than can elsewhere be found, and is moreover remarkably descriptive. The organ accompaniment presents a far broader and more powerful grasp of not only organ, but orchestral effects, than any other anthem in the whole Church collection with which I am acquainted.

What I describe is without precedent. The old form of "Organ part," is either simply a figured bass line, or a string of twiddling unmeaning passages for solo stops, *cornets*, &c.; and greatly as I reverence the genius of Purcell, it is not to that great genius we may look for perfections in organ accompaniments. "Subscriber" can discover "nothing new in the design of the various movements." I consider them *all* new but the *first*. Will "Subscriber" name any Church anthem antecedent to Dr. Wesley's in which the Chorus sing recitative in unison,—a form be it observed much used by Mendelssohn subsequently. The passage of this kind which "Subscriber" thinks "extremely harsh," has been eulogized in a lengthy and elaborate criticism of Dr. Wesley's Anthem by Mr. Henry Smart,—no mean judge I trow—to which I should refer at greater length, had I that talented gentleman's clever remarks at hand whilst writing. Before dismissing the point however, I would ask "Subscriber" what he means by "transition of pitch?" He says "the progression is extremely harsh, which effect is increased by the sudden transition of pitch and the accent falling on the word 'shall' is absurd." The term "transition of pitch" is *absurd* undoubtedly. "Subscriber" means *enharmonic change*.—Pitch, I apprehend, means the relative acuteness or gravity of any given key to concert or standing pitch. We say to an instrumentalist, "your instrument is very high," and he replies—"Yes, the heat of the room has altered the pitch." Does "Subscriber" mean that all the voices and instruments stop, and re-tune to a higher pitch? By no means. "Subscriber" should know better than this.—As to the enharmonic change being "extremely harsh," it happens to be the very one adopted by Bach, at the close of his grand *Crucifixus* movement in the celebrated Credo, and also by Spohr in his chorus "Destroyed in Babylon," at the words "the graves give up their dead." In plain truth, this passage in Dr. Wesley's Anthem is one of unexampled force and brevity.—The words are, "And a highway shall be there; it shall be called the way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it, but the redeemed shall walk there." And this striking passage in Holy Writ, is, I venture to assert, brought out with an emphasis truly affecting, and in a manner not unfitly designated by the astute critic before referred to,—"The perfection of the Musician's Art."

"A Subscriber" next says, "I will now glance at the separate portions of the Anthem, in order to ascertain if they really deserve the high praise awarded them by Mr. Spark." Now really I suspect "Subscriber's" honesty. The Anthem in my humble opinion, is glanced at just to give a coloring to an attack on Dr. Wesley; but pray mark the following:—After referring to consecutive fifths between a voice part and organ accompaniment, which, by the bye reminds me strongly of the tyro who complained there were consecutive fifths in the tiers of sixes Mozart loved to throw amongst the clarionets, bassoons, &c., with such heavenly effect, "Subscriber" observes, "At the beginning of the same page, is a star directing attention to the interrupted cadence. This point, which the Doctor was fearful might be overlooked, is simply the resolution of the dominant seventh to a triad on the sixth note of the major scale. It was scarcely necessary to parade such a progression as this." Really, Mr. Editor, this is too bad.—The star has reference simply to the *Pedals*!! It is a direction to the player that the Pedals should there cease to be used, and that the player should no longer "double the bass." The same "star" for the same purpose is used at page one, last bar. I fear your subscriber is not a wise man, "guided by a star." As to the "four wretched bars of Recitative," the Scripture is I think, very properly employed as Recitative at this place; and as to the quality of the music, I should say it would appear impossible to express more completely in four bars of Recitative the sense of the words, which are,—"Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing." The harmonic progression consists of chords A Major, six four, three, on G. sharp, and the chords of F sharp Major; not minor, as commonly used. These three chords have a vaulting, leaping effect, highly descriptive, considering their brevity.

I now come, Sir, to an expression in "Subscriber's" letter "by which hangs a tale," (passing, by, however, much detractory matter of but little moment), and it is this:—"In one word, the chorus is a choice specimen of what has been aptly termed the 'dandy sublime.'"

As to "dandy sublime," it oddly enough happens that this identical chorus was instanced many years ago as a specimen of, not the "dandy," but the "true sublime!" I will give the instance. In an article headed "Characteristics of Beethoven," which appeared in the *MUSICAL WORLD* as far back as April, 1836, the writer, in considering the "theory" of Dr. Crotch with regard to the "sublime" in musical art, observes, "Although the beautiful and picturesque abound in their works (instancing Fasch, Pergolesi, W. F. Bach, and his brothers, Jomelli, Piffel, Haydn, Woelf, Kozeluck, Paër, Vogel, Weber, Hummell, and many others), they are rarely characterised by sublimity. The sublime is produced by simple combinations, such as are found in 'Moses and the children of Israel,' 'For unto us a child is born,' and the 'Hallelujah' chorus of Handel."

It also results in a higher degree from such consummate skill in counterpoint as distinguishes the "Amen" chorus of the *Messiah*, "Blest be the hand," in *Theodora*, "Plead my just cause," and "See the proud chief," in *Deborah*; with many other choruses of Handel. The finest specimen of this species of the sublime is the "Aus tiefer noth," a six-part fugue by Sebastian Bach, on the same corale as Handel has used in the chorus, "Let my dark servant," in *Sampson*. It sounds on the ear like the work of a disembodied spirit. But the highest order of the sublime is found in those compositions which disclose the greatest development of thought and imagination in the use of the most profound modulations or remote dissonances. To instance a few examples:—The "Crucifixus" in E minor from the *Missa* in D, by Sebastian Bach, and the first movement of his fourth Motett, "He sent a thick darkness," and "The people shall hear," from *Israel in Egypt*; and the scena, "Deeper and deeper still," from *Jephtha*; the "Ne pulvis" of Mozart, and the last interview between the statue and Don Juan, which appears in the finale of his opera of that name; the storm scene in the *Pastorale* Symphony; the first movement in the *sinfonia* in D minor, characteristic of the passions of joy; and the Credo of the *Missa* in D, by Beethoven; the first movement of the *sinfonia*, "Die Weihe der Töne," and the chorus, "Destroyed is Babylon," the finales to

the first acts of the operas of *Faust* and *Azor and Zemira*, by Spohr; and the chorus, "The ransomed of the Lord," BY THE EXETER WESLEY!!! "These compositions display the right use of dissonances, combined with the most extensive and accurate knowledge of counterpoint, are the result of great mental labour and superior powers, and the imagination evinced in their conception is of a far higher order than that which gives birth to musical forms consisting simply of concords, or that required for the mere exercise of fugal imitations. Wherever (as Storkell well observes), Bach, Handel, Mozart, or Beethoven, appear desirous of affecting the mind with a feeling of the sublime, they resort to all that is profound and mysterious in the art."

This article is, as I before remarked, dated 1836; but the anthem by Dr. Wesley—a passage from which is placed by the writer on equal ground with examples from the great masters—which are undoubtedly among the finest ever written, was composed much earlier for the re-opening of Hereford Cathedral organ, which had been rebuilt by Bishop.

Dr. Wesley at that time would only be nineteen or twenty years old. Can "Subscriber" tell us anything about the author of the above article?

I am twitted for calling this chorus "a learned fugue;" but with all due deference to your correspondent's contrapuntal skill I know of no other instance where so much effect in a florid choral fugue is obtained from 89 bars. As to the "Stretto," the "counterpoint in the twelfth," and what Dr. Wesley might have done with his two fine and finely contrasted subjects, had he been pleased to spin out the work to a length which would have excluded it from cathedral use altogether, instead of leaving it as he has, one of the most popular and effected anthems extant, I can only say I rejoice that Dr. Wesley had nothing to do with either one or the other. No one can hear what I have termed the "gorgeous closing harmonies," and what the writer I have quoted at such length terms "sublime," without being greatly affected; at any rate my opinion on this part of the anthem is the same as that often expressed to me by some of the most eminent living musicians, some of whom will, I trust, give your readers their honest views on the whole anthem, and unlike "Subscriber"—who probably finds it convenient to wear a mask—favour us with their names, in the same straightforward manner I have given mine.

For my own part, I must decline any further controversy on the subject; the pressure of my engagements being such as wholly to prevent me from giving that attention to the subject which its importance evidently demands.

Craving your indulgence for having appropriated so much of your valuable space,

I remain, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

W. SPARK.

11, Park Square, Leeds, Oct. 7th, 1852.

Dramatic.

DRURY LANE.—We have always made it a rule to observe a certain fixed order in our criticisms on the various theatres:

Illa manent immota locis, neque ab ordine cedunt.

Were not this the case, we certainly should not commence our dramatic notices of this week with the above theatre, which was opened last Saturday, when the bills informed us that "Her Majesty's Servants" would perform *Richelieu*. "Her Majesty's Servants" did perform *Richelieu*, and in such a manner that we should not be surprised to hear that they had received the usual warning next day. We are the more inclined to this belief, from having afterwards heard it reported that the season was only for "a month." We certainly must say, however, that the management has presented the public with novelty, at least; not exactly in the pieces, but in the actors, not one of whom we ourselves ever heard of before.

HAYMARKET.—Mr. Webster commenced his farewell season here, last Monday, with Bulwer's play of *Money*. As each old favourite made his appearance on the stage, he was greeted with the most hearty applause, which, on Mr. Webster's entrance, was quite overwhelming. The public all over the world, but especially in London, is a queer monster. Its tastes require strong stimulants. The present is a case in point. Mr. Webster has done all in his power to raise the National Drama. He has brought forward unknown authors, he has produced unknown actors, he has offered prizes for five-act plays, and collected a greater amount of talent in one company than was ever, perhaps, witnessed within the walls of this, or any other theatre. But after the first few seasons, the public, with that ingratitude of *used-upishness*, for which it is so famous, showed itself strangely deficient in a proper appreciation of Mr. Webster's untiring efforts in its behalf; and it was not until the announcement that the present season was the last one of Mr. Webster's management, that people chose to rouse themselves from their apathetic indifference. At present everybody is regretting Mr. Webster's secession; but everybody should remember that Mr. Webster would, no doubt, have continued at the head of the "little Theatre," had he been supported as he ought to have been by that public which is peculiarly fond of talking about "native talent"—but of doing nothing else. We trust, however, that things will now change, and that the performances will be appreciated at their proper value. Not only during the last week has each individual character in the various pieces presented been in all cases satisfactorily, and, in many cases, most admirably filled, but the *ensemble* and general *mise-en-scène*, thanks to the tact and energy of the clever stage manager, Mr. Leigh Murray, everything that could be desired. On Thursday, the company, which is already so strong, made a valuable acquisition in the person of Miss Rosa Bennett, who appeared as Sophia in *the Road to Ruin*. The young lady was completely successful, and without the slightest doubt, is destined to take a very high position in her profession. Mr. A. Wigan made his re-appearance here, on the same occasion, as Goldfinch. He was warmly welcomed by the audience. Mr. Leigh Murray was the Harry Dornton, and both looked and played the reckless and extravagant but kind-hearted spendthrift in the first style of art. His dashing demeanour in the commencement of the play, could only be excelled by his manly and natural exhibition of feeling on discovering that he is the cause of his father's ruin. His half-drunken, half-mad scene in the sponging house was palpitating with reality. At the conclusion of the piece Mr. Leigh Murray and the fair *débütante* appeared before the curtain and respectively bowed and curtsied their thanks to a delighted audience.

ADELPHI.—Madame Celeste made her re-appearance here, on Monday last, for the first time since her return from America. Her greeting by the audience was something stupendous. The evening's entertainment was composed of the *Green Bushes*, followed by Jack Sheppard. The *Green Bushes* is a play which has been represented so often, and which is so well known, that we have nothing new to say about it, save that Madame Celeste played Miami, a character that she has made so peculiarly her own, even better than is her wont; and that Mr. G. Honey enacted Mr. Grinnidge in such a manner as to prove him perfectly fitted for the high position he now occupies at this favourite place of amusement. The house was densely crowded in every part.

OLYMPIC.—If any of our readers feels particularly melan-

choly, we should advise him to proceed incontinently to the Royal Olympic Theatre, and see a new and original farce, by Sterling Coyne, which was produced last Saturday, with complete success, and headed in the bills with the following notice:—*Wanted, 1000 Spirited Young Milliners for the Gold Diggings.* If the spirits of any melancholy reader of ours who may take our advice, and go to see the said farce, do not immediately rise one hundred per cent. at the least, when he has witnessed Mr. Hoskins as Joe Bags, and Mr. Compton as Tom Tipton, if he do not roar until his sides ache at the eccentricities of these young and rising ornaments of their respective professions, viz., law and physic, then all we can say to the before-mentioned melancholy reader of ours is, that he had better go and throw himself from Waterloo Bridge, or some other fashionable place or suicide. We frankly own, we should not like to meet such a man in society. He would be a perfect damper on anything like enjoyment.

Provincial.

BRISTOL.—(From an occasional Correspondent.)—The Classical Harmonists' performance on Monday evening week, of Mendelssohn's oratorio of *Elijah* was decidedly the most effective presentation of that sublime work which has yet been witnessed in this city. The band seemed more equal, and the choruses better disciplined, and though there was no organ, its place was, to some extent, supplied by the presence of a harmonicon, at which Mr. F. Iluxtable presided, and gave all the effect which the instrument was capable of producing to the organ score. It was gratifying to find that the spirited effort of the society met with an encouraging response on the part of the public. The great gallery was completely crowded, and, indeed, with the exception of a few reserved seats which remained unoccupied, the room was well filled throughout. The oratorio was preceded by Handel's "Dead March" from *Saul*, a majestic and solemn composition, which, if it had been his only work, would have won immortal renown for its great composer, and which was played by the band as a tribute to the memory of the hero of Waterloo. The motive was well appreciated by the audience, who remained standing during its performance. *Elijah*, like the *Messiah*, is a work of which it would be difficult to tire. Its exquisite and original melodies, its rich harmonies, its massive choral and striking orchestral effects unfold themselves, as it were, by degrees, and every successive hearing serves to develop some masterly point of excellence, which, in the bewildering effect wrought upon the mind by the first contemplation of such a crowd of beauties, had failed to be duly appreciated. The principal parts, on Monday evening, were sustained by Madame Fiorentini, Miss Martha Williams, Mr. Lockey, and Herr Formes; and these were supported by Mrs. P. J. Smith, Mr. Cross, Mr. Simpson, and Miss Jakeway, and a powerful band and chorus. The weight of the oratorio rests, no doubt, on the shoulders of Elijah, to the grandeur, sublimity, and loftiness of whose character, the work owes much of his popularity. A more fitting representative than Herr Formes could scarcely be found. His powerful, yet manageable voice, and sound musicianship, brings the music of the prophet peculiarly within his grasp, and in every phase of expression, he is equally at home—now declaiming in tones of thunder the wrath of an offended God; now imploring with tender solicitude, mercy for the widow's son; now confronting, with inspired boldness, the wrath of Ahab; now hurling, in words of fire, scorn and derision at the priests of Baal; now joyously proclaiming the justice and majesty of the Most High; now deploring with righteous sorrow, the sins of the Children of Israel; now confessing with fervid gratitude the mercy and goodness of Jehovah; now submitting with holy obedience to the threatened persecution of his enemies, and expressing to the last, his ever-deepening trust in the loving kindness of God. It will be readily conceived that the character of the prophet affords scope for the grandest, as well as the most pathetic, effects of which the musical art is capable; and it is

the great merit of Formes, that he comprehends and interprets with fidelity, the spirit of the composer. Undoubtedly his most striking effort was the very arduous but majestic aria in which the prophet is made to break forth in a burst of joyous exclamation, "Is not his word like fire, and like a hammer that breaketh the rock?" but equally beautiful were his renderings of "Lord God of Abraham," and "It is enough, O Lord, now take away my life;" in the latter of which, in particular, he subdued his colossal organ to the deepest and most touching pathos. His recitatives throughout were appropriate and emphatic, and it would be difficult to conceive anything more grand and impressive than the effect which he imparted to Elijah's invocation, "Thou whose ministers are flaming fires, let them now descend." Mr. Lockey sang the tenor parts. In his opening recitative, "Ye people rend your hearts," he showed in his upper notes some traces of his recent indisposition; but they soon passed away, and he sang the various solos with all the grace, and more than the spirit, which we have had occasion to commend in former notices of the oratorio. The air in the second part, "Then shall the righteous," he gave with the most telling effect; and to the recitative assigned to Obadiah, "Man of God," and particularly to the delicious bit of melody towards its end, and falling, if we remember, to the words, "The Lord the God doth go with thee," he imparted an effect which we have not heard given to it on any former occasion. Madame Fiorentini, who executed the principal soprano parts, was heard in Bristol for the first time, and produced a decidedly favourable impression. She has not the power of other sopranos, but her voice is exceedingly rich, sweet, and musical, and her style pure and accomplished. The splendid air which opens the second part, "Hear ye, Israel," she gave with fine effect, imparting its proper pathos to the opening strain, and thus giving by contrast an increased brilliancy and force to the allegro. Miss Martha Williams' rich contralto voice and polished execution fitted her admirably for the music entrusted to her. She gave the aria, "O rest in the Lord," with a simple earnestness which elicited a warm encore, and her interpretation of that gem of plaintive melody, "Woe unto them who forsake him," was marked by appropriate tenderness. If we were inclined to find fault with her, it would be in the dialogue ascribed to the Queen, to which she did not impart enough of bitterness. The double quartet, "For he shall give his angels charge," and the unaccompanied trio, by Madame Fiorentini, Miss Williams, and Mrs. P. J. Smith, "Lift thine eyes," were beautifully rendered, and deservedly encored.

The choruses of *Elijah* are, many of them, most intricate in point of construction, and we were agreeably surprised to find that they had been so well mastered. Occasional irregularities were to be expected, seeing that nothing short of long-continued diurnal practice could insure perfection; yet, taken as a whole, the choruses were finely given. The band, which was led by Mr. H. C. Cooper, (first violin at the London Sacred Harmonic Society) acquitted themselves admirably, and the whole performance reflected great credit on the members of the society, and their hard-working conductor, Mr. P. J. Smith.

NORTHAMPTON—(From a Correspondent).—The Northampton Choral Society performed Handel's oratorio of *Samson* on Tuesday, the 28th September. The progress of the Society in public opinion was evidenced by a full and fashionable attendance. The part of Samson was sustained by Mr. Lockey; the soprano music, by Miss Helen Taylor, whose fine rendering of "Let the bright Seraphim" gained a well-merited encore. The part of Micah was nicely sung by Miss Jones (an amateur member of the Society), and all the bass parts were undertaken by one of the honorary secretaries of the Society, who possesses a voice of great power and richness. The chorus, numbering upwards of a hundred voices, performed their part in a manner which reflected the highest credit on themselves, and showed evidence of the very efficient training they must have received from the hands of their conductor, Mr. C. M'Korkell, whose exertions in creating a taste in the town of Northampton for the sacred and classical school of composition have long been acknowledged. The German organ, which was built by Herr Schulze and Sons for the Great Exhibition, was the only accompaniment throughout, and was ably pre-

sided at by Mr. M'Korkell. The new Hall of the Corn Exchange, where the performances of the Society are held, is equal in dimensions to the Town Hall at Birmingham, but less in height, and is well adapted to give effect to music on a large scale. The German organ, therefore, is now in a position to have its acknowledged powers fully developed. Although in the Exhibition it suffered with all the other organs, from the stifling atmosphere of the place, still its rich musical quality invariably attracted the cognoscenti, and those most interested in the progress of organ-building. Being dispatched in some haste for the world's fair, the mechanism may not exhibit that beautiful finish (to the eye) which distinguished the organ from Paris; but it is happily free from every defect which frequently influences organs in this climate. The tone is produced upon a new theory of Professor Toepfer, of Weimar, which, whilst it demands a great supply of wind, yields a tone of the most extraordinary power, quality, and legitimate character, at once brilliant, fresh, and sweet. Its true destination would be the sanctuary, which demands a tone of an elevated kind, rather than the thin, degenerate tone we too frequently hear. The organs of Schulze seem to possess the noble quality of those of Father Schmidt, with a greater volume of tone, and are, perhaps, the only organs in the world whose power is complete without reeds, which, beautiful as they are, ought to be an accessory only, and not the main source of powers. The performance on this occasion commenced with Handel's Funeral Anthem as a tribute of respect to the memory of the illustrious dead.

PROVINCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSIC AT MANCHESTER.

(From our own Correspondent.)

To redeem our pledge of furnishing more 'copy,' we now beg to inform your readers that another note of preparation has been sounded here for the coming winter season. H. B. Peacock, Esq., at the close of the 'Marionette' season, at the Free Trade Hall this week, resumes possession and announces the first of his fifth series of Monday Evening Concerts—for Monday next, the 8th instant—when we hope he will receive the usual meed of success, besides the satisfaction of feeling how much his cheap concerts tend to elevate the taste, and raise the character of our entertainments for the people. Organist and conductor, D. W. Banks, Esq., as before. We shall be glad if we can attend more frequently and report (if possible) more regularly than heretofore on these praiseworthy concerts.

Miss P. Horton is concluding this week a three or four weeks' engagement at our Theatre Royal, where she has shone a bright particular star—in the class of male characters Madame Vestris used to monopolize some twenty years ago. Miss P. Horton is a very charming successor to Madame. There is something very seductive in her half saucy, manner; and the peculiar way in which she makes her hits in burlesque tell, without being too prominent. Her singing too, of so many well known melodies, set to whimsical parodies, is very delightful. Her most successful hit has been in the travestie of *Ivanhoe*, in which she sports a most elegant suit of armour and acts the part with great spirit; in fact although the burlesque was very well put on the stage, on Miss P. Horton, and Mr. and Mrs. Wood, (as the Jew of York, and as *Ivanhoe* and Rebecca), the chief success of the piece rested. There has been a version of *The Black Domino* given, but we could not fancy going to hear, or see an opera depending on one vocalist, ever so clever and pleasing as Miss P. Horton; there was not a professional singer besides herself.

Whilst upon this subject—you must let us send you a little more 'copy.'—talking of operas; how, or why is it that in Manchester we cannot each autumn have some three nights or so of Italian Operas—after the close of the two houses in London? Here is Birmingham can have Grisi, Mario, F. Lablache, Susini, &c.; and at Dublin these same artists have appeared many times, and are announced for three additional nights this week, in Italian Opera, so great is their success there; whilst in Manchester we do not get a single night of Italian Opera! There are hundreds in Manchester, who like your own correspondent, are so tied to business as to be unable even in these days of railways, to take a

trip to London, so as to be enabled to pay a visit to one or both the opera houses, except at long and rare intervals, who would be delighted to have a chance of hearing and seeing these first-rate artists, on the boards of our Theatre Royal, once in a year at any rate. But no! Mr. Beale, or some other enterprising London entrepreneur, gets hold of these autumnal 'flights of singing birds' and makes the arrangements for them in Manchester; the directors of our Concert Hall manage to engage each separate 'flight,' on the express condition we believe that they appeared no where else in Manchester but at the Concert Hall. The last occasion on which this rule was broken through was when Mr. Knowles, the spirited manager of our Theatre Royal, forestalled the directors by bargaining before them for the most talented *parti* ever brought to appear here in Italian Opera, viz., in 1849; when Sontag, Lablache, (*père et fils*), Belletti, Calzolari, Coletti, &c., formed the principals, with about ten of the *élite* of the band of her Majesty's Theatre, led by Tolbecque, and conducted by Balfe, made the most perfect ensemble ever witnessed or heard here. It may be asked why has not Mr. Knowles followed up this in the successive autumns of 1850-1 and 2? There's the rub. Mr. Knowles charged for his complete opera, in 1849, very moderate prices, in the hope of filling his theatre, which would have barely reimbursed his large outlay. If we remember rightly the circles were 10s. and 7s. respectively. Pit only 5s., and galleries 2s. 6d. You know how much less this is than London prices, brought as this opera was to the very door of the Manchestrans. Yet Mr. Knowles in lieu of clearing himself, by a full house on each night, (when with this unprecedented talent was given, *Il Barbiere*, *Don Pasquale*, and *Otello* successively) sustained a loss on the three nights of upwards of £500! Here is reason sufficient with a vengeance, for Mr. Knowles not venturing on Italian Opera again; we have had none since! But why is it, we ask, that Manchester, wealthy Manchester people cannot support an opera for three nights, as the Dublin people have done most handsomely for nine or twelve nights?

This brings us again to the article you have inserted from the *Dublin Freeman's Journal*, in last week's *Musical World*. It speaks of *Don Giovanni* being given there on Friday, September 28th, (24th we presume), the critic we can forgive all mistakes for his heartiness in the cause, and perhaps he will forgive us for putting him right. He speaks of a former performance of *Don Giovanni* in Dublin, when Signora Cesari, (query? Cesari), Signora Kyntherland, (query Kyntherland), Curioni, and De Begnis appeared in it together. We think this must be wrong, if our memory serves us rightly. Curioni and De Begnis had both retired, the former to Italy, the latter to the United States, (where he died lately), before Cesari, or Kyntherland, could have been in Dublin; and again was Kyntherland an *alto-soprano*? We think a mezzo soprano. He is quite right about Cesari, she was a fine contralto, perhaps one of the best acting ones we ever had in Manchester: of course we do not include Alboni, whose voice alone was the most wonderful and prodigal in richness we ever heard from woman, but Cesari's Tancredi, Arsace, &c., are vivid pictures now in the memories of many a Manchester opera goer. De Begnis commenced giving Italian Operas here occasionally about the year 1827, when Miss Fanny Ayton was the 'Rosina,' Torré the 'Count,' and De Begnis himself the inimitable 'Figaro,' in the always stock piece of the *Barbiere*. Curioni in some succeeding years was the tenor, and Giubelei was amongst the basses. Other operas of course being occasionally given, amongst them, *Il Turco in Italia*, until 1832-3, when the great tenor of the Italian stage, Donzelli, made his memorable appearance under the same auspices (De Begnis as manager), with Madame de Meric, as *prima donna*. For the first and only time we then saw the eminent buffo, De Begnis, in a serious character, and that was the part of the Father in Paer's Opera of *Agnese* (the tale of Mrs. Opie's *Father and Daughter* forming the story of the libretto); and never shall we forget the pathos poor De Begnis threw into the mad scene, or the electric effect of the first few simple notes of recitative uttered by Donzelli, (the first of his heard on the stage in Manchester), in the same opera, or the enthusiastic way in which he and Madame de Meric were encored in the celebrated duet in the same opera (we forget the title), for soprano and tenor 'Qual Sepolcro,' is it not? *Le*

Nozze di Figaro afterwards produced a great sensation by the same company; and who can forget Donzelli's 'Ecco vidente,' in *Il Barbiere*? We believe Curioni last appeared in Manchester with Madame Malibran, the first and only time that gifted artist ever appeared in character on our stage (for two nights only), when he played Otello, to her Desdemona, and we think this was in September, or October, 1833; and we believe after this period, De Begnis brought no more operatic companies to Manchester. It was on the 1st March, 1834, that we first saw and heard Rossini's *Semiramide*, at the Theatre Royal, Liverpool. A numerous troupe of Italians had landed there from Italy, direct, under the management of a large *Bochea* style of gentleman, who called himself Signor Guglielmo Guglielmi (William Williams, a Welshman evidently). His company was not exactly fit for her Majesty's Theatre, still they were respectable, especially the soprano, Madame Galvani, (query, is the young tenor Galvani her son?) The tenor, Signor Deval, the buffo, Morani, and basso cantante Tacchini, and there was a chorus of some seventy-two voices, very exact and well rehearsed, sang fairly in tune (although with a degree of roughness and coarseness in tone), but on the whole effective. The chief star to this company was the contralto, Mlle. Cesari, alluded to in the *Freeman's Journal*. This company remained, with some slight alteration, through 1834, 1835, &c., alternately betwixt Manchester and Liverpool, and occasionally it may be Dublin also; but they never had De Begnis, or Curioni amongst their ranks here. Madame Kyntherland, Signor Boisragon, (now Mr. Borroni), and Signor and Madame Paltoni, afterwards did join them; a very varied round of operas was given, including *Mathilde di Shabran*, *Semiramide*, *La Gazza Ladra*, *Mosè in Egitto*, *Cenerentola*, *Tancredi*, *Barbiere*, all by Rossini, being the principal ones. After this period we had no regular Italian Opera for some time. The late Mr. Mori in 1838-9, brought the principals from Her Majesty's Theatre, and gave us the chief portions of *I Puritani*, *La Gazza Ladra*, *La Prova d'un Opera Seria*, *Anna Bolena*; very great treats they were by such artists as Grisi, Ivanhoff, Tamburini, Lablache, F. Lablache, and Rubini. We then had an hiatus until the German company in 1841; perhaps the most complete company of foreign artists that had then appeared. Staudigl, Tichatzchek, Madame Schumann, and Mlle. Schödel being the principals, with a band and chorus all German, very efficient and complete: for light and shade no choicer singing had ever before been heard like this. A long dreary interval succeeded, broken in upon after six years' silence, by Jenny Lind! who, in 1847, drew the Manchester people in crowds at most outrageous prices, who would not two years later near fill the theatre, at moderate prices, to hear a far more talented company. And now we lovers of opera have to starve for it!

We are afraid you will scarce thank us for all this gossip, *c'est égal*, here it is! deal with it as you think proper. We have been led into these operatic reminiscences by the magic name of Cesari, (whose heroic tread and impassioned singing can never be forgotten by those who saw and heard her), and we could not help it. You may thank the writer in the *Freeman's Journal* for it all. By the way, we would not be too hard upon him, but is 'Batti, batti' a duet? and is Susini a baritone? and was Mario at any English Festival prior to going to Dublin? We think not. We notice there is a Galli amongst the troupe, at Dublin. De Begnis seldom came without one, twenty years ago: they seem useful men these Galli's, and numerous. In Signor Guglielmi's lot there was a most useful personage, Signor Trojano by name, who filled much the same role as a certain Signor Dai Fiori of late years, at Her Majesty's Theatre; but a truce to this gossip. We heartily wish we could have the great artists from one or both the operas on the stage here for three or four nights in a year.

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